Vol. II. Numb. 56.

THE OBSERVATOR.

Of the Confederate Fleets being at Leghorn. *Of the Duke* D' Vendosmes *March for* Milan. *Of the Report of the* Observators *being gone for* Holland. *The* Scots *Charge against the* Observator. *Of the Proceedings at the Sessions at the* Old-Baily.

From Saturday October the 16th, to Wednesday October the 20th, 1703.

Country-m. MAster *Observator*, what place is that a great way off, call'd *Legborn?* I think you did tell me some time ago, that Sir *Cloudsly Shovel*, would go to that Place, and you were very right in your Apprehension, for there he now is with all my Queeens Ships under his Command.

Obs. Legborn is a great and strong City in the Territory of *Pisa*, in *Italy*; it's a Beautiful and Rich Place, Subject to the Duke of *Tuscany*; it is a Free Port, and has a very large Haven in the *Mediterranean* Sea. It lies in 31 Degrees of Longitude, and between 42, 52, Latitude, about 15 Miles S. of *Pisa*, 24 almost S. of *Lucca*, 56 S. W. of *Florence*, and 160 N. W. of *Rome*. This is a great Trading City, resorted to for Traffick, chiefly by the *English* and *Dutch*; on which Account, we are very happy in having that Port Free to our Fleet, where our Men may meet with Refreshment of Fresh Provisions, and other things necessary for the Health of our Seamen, in so long a Voyage; and the Course of Exchange being for many Years settled by our Merchants to that Place, the Queen can have Remittances of Money to her Fleet at Pleasure: This is a very considerable piece of News.

Country-m. I can't chuse but Laugh to think how those Country People did Stare to see such a Fleet upon their Coast. I'll warrant the Fellows made all of 'em a Holy-Day to see the Confederate Ships; and when they heard their Thund'ring Canons roar from their Wooden Floating Castles, I'll engage it put 'em in Mind of the Story they heard of *Vigo*, and confirm'd 'em in the Falshood of the Story of the *French* Fleets coming thither, under the Command of the Count *de Tholouse*, who is now lousing himself at *Tholoun*. Our *Jacks*, I remember, gave us a particular Account of his Fleet: But it was only a Vision, the poor Wretches are turned *Dreamers*. I look hard at 'em sometimes to see whether their Eyes are open, for I fansy they Walk, and Talk, and Write in their Sleep. —— Here's more good News for you, here's the new Express come to Day.

Obs. This is better and better: I find here the Business of *Savoy* comes confirm'd; That Duke has Seized the Ambassadors of *France*, and of the Duke *d' Anjou*, with other Subjects of *France* and *Spain*; and he is resolved to come into the Confederacy; and has Ordered his Troops to March to the Frontiers of *Milan*, to Repulse the Duke *de Vendosme*. This seems an Enterprize practicable enough; for tho' the Foreign Prints say the Duke *de Vendosme*'s Forces are 12 Thousand Men, with which he is Marching to Besiege *Verceil*, I can in no wise believe them to be so many; he has Wasted many of his Troops in his Expedition towards the *Tyroleze*. The 5000 *Savoyards* that he made Prisoners of War, with those of his own Troops, Detached to Convoy them to Places of Security, have much Weakened his Army.

Country-m. I fancy he took away these *Savoy* Fellows Horses to Mount his own Men upon them, that they might run away the faster: Gaffer *Vandome* is certainly upon the Scamper.

Obs. Now suppose *Vendomse* has 12 Thousand Men, as 'tis said, the Regular Troops of the Duke of *Savoy* can't be much *Inferiour* to that Number; for I can't believe any Prince so Weak as to lend all his Forces to his Neighbours in time of War, when his own Territories are Contiguous to Countries that are the Seat of War. Besides the *Militia* of his Country are not inconsiderable, and the *Vaudois* and *Piedmontois* who are now Engaged for that Duke, can in a small time form a Noble and Martial Body, and *Vendosme* cannot be Reinforced from the Army in *Italy*; for every Step they take towards him, they give so much Ground to the *Imperialists* in those parts; and he cannot Rely on any Assistance from the Natives of the *Milaneze*, who tho' they were forc'd, upon the first coming of the *French* Army into their Country, to Dissemble a Friendship, yet he found upon the Arrival of the *Germans* under Prince *Eugene*, when ever they had an Opportunity, they treated the *French* as *Freebooters* and *Robbers*, and that they betrayed all their Marches to the Enemy: And no Wonder was it, for *French Insolence* and *Barbrity* are so great, that there's little odds in the choice of the *Devil*, or *Lewis* the 14th for a Governour. The People of *Spain* too are now pretty well acquainted with *French* Discipline, and its Nobles with the Effect of *French* Counsels, and will, no doubt, take care how they accept of a King that is in another *Interest* than that of their Country.

The next good News I expect to hear from our Fleet, is, that they are got to *Villa-Franca* or *Nice*, in the Territories of *Savoy*. When I hear this Account, and of the King *Spains* Landing in *Portugal*, I shall conclude we are half gone thro' this War. The Fate of *France* is just now come to a *Crisis*, and that Empire, which has been Rising for so many Years, is now in the Wane of its Glory: It was indeed Raised to an *Immense* height, and its Greatness was such as could hardly be Reach'd by the United Powers of *Europe*. *Lewis* had Built up his *Babel* of *Universal Monarchy* beyond Reason, and only wanted a Kingdom or two more to Top it with a *Pyramid*; but the Confederates have now taken down the Scaffolds, and are beginning to undermine the Foundation. We have not wanted *Instances* in *England*, that the *Arbitrary Power* which has been many Years in raising, has been pull'd down in one Day; and the *Mercenary Instruments* employ'd in it, have vanish'd like Smoke before the Wind; their Names have stunk in the Nostrils of all good Men, and their Posterities have been cut off from the Face of the Earth.

Country-m. Master *Observator*, here's another pretty Story from the Duke of *Savoys* Country: He has taken two Waggon Loads of Money from the *French*, which was going thro' his Territories to Pay their

Army

Army. I commend him for taking Care of the Caſh: *Vandome* muſt to Coining again: It may be he has got *Iriſhmen* enough in his Army to Teach him to melt down his Guns into *Half Crown Pieces*. Let me ſee; Two Waggon Load of Money, that's 40 Hundred Weight, a pretty Sum to raiſe Forces withal: The *French* muſt Suck their Thumbs inſtead of Eating, poor Hounds! Every one muſt get his own Provender: I would not have my Farm in that Country for a good Sum of Money: Wo be to the *Cocks* and *Hens*, the *Sheep* and *Hogs*, where the half Starv'd *Frenchmen* muſt live upon Free-Quarter. A Landlord, *I* fancy, is a very ſorry Employment in thoſe parts, where his Tenants muſt pay him in *French* Bills, which are not to be paid till the return of the next *Flota* from the *Spaniſh-Weſt-Indies*.

Obſ. What more News have you brought us?

Country-m. Now I think on't, what News have you brought us from *Holland?* All the *Jacobites* and *High-Flyers* at *London*, Report that you are Run away to *Holland*, for fear of the Parliament: I told them 'twas a Damn'd Lye, but they ſaid it was True.

Obſ. I have heard of this Story; it was not Coined in the Mint, but at a Place very near it. I know the way to *Holland*, or to any other part of the World, as well as ſome that are Tall Boys in the Navy; and am ſo little afraid of the Parliament, that whenever the Houſe of Lords or Commons ſhall Call the Miſmanagements of the Navy into Queſtion, I ſhall be their Humble Servant, and then they'll find me in *England:* And tho' a Topper in the Navy not long ſince ſaid, that this Parliament would not hearken to any Complaints, they may chance to find it otherwiſe; and if not, I know how to pickle up a Complaint, and keep it Sweet for two or three Seſſions, which is more than they know how to do by the Queens *Beef* and *Pork*. Did you ever hear of one Word of Truth that my Enemies have yet Reproach'd me with?

Country-m. No indeed, Sir; 'tis a very Lying Planet that has the Aſcendant over you; and I think you thrive the better for their Reproaches: Not one Honeſt Man in *England* will ſpeak ill of you. —— I have another Charge againſt you. The *Scots* ſwear they'll maul you for Writing your Trip to *Scotland*.

Obſ. You know I was no more the Author of that *Trip to Scotland*, which goes under my Name, than I was of their *Trip to Darien*; and I am much beholden to the *Scots* for believing me Author of ſuch a *Nonſenſical Raſcally* Paper. I can aſſure them I know how to employ my Time better then that comes to, and am a Friend to all Men that Vindicate their own *Rights* and *Priviledges*, without injuring their Neighbours. ——Haſt any other Charge againſt me?

Country-m. I have brought you *Harry Clitus* his Penny Libel, pray Sir will you peruſe it: 'Tis a high Kick at the Magiſtracy of the City.

Obſ. The Citizens of *London* may remember, that, not long ago, they were Libell'd out of their Charter, by the Predeceſſors of this Club, which is now ſet up for the Propagation of Vice, and the Deſtruction of the City Rights; and if it were worth their while to enquire into Scandal, they'll find Reaſon enough to Preſent that Paper. They ſay here that the Lord Mayor was for Preferring a Bill againſt me, which I can't believe. Bills are preferred to the Grand Jury, by the Attorney General, or ſome other Perſon, in due Form of Law; now I can't find that my Lord Mayor did Prefer any ſuch Bill againſt me, becauſe no Perſon was Summoned as Evidence to the Bill; and I hope My Lord did not expect a Grand Jury ſhould find a Bill againſt a Perſon upon no Evidence.

Country-m. Then they have bely'd My Lord Mayor.

Obſ. Lying is their Buſineſs, and when they run a Muck at all the Magiſtrates of the City, my Lord Mayor muſt expect to have it in his Turn. I think in this Paper they have ſo highly Reflected on an Honourable Magiſtrate of that City, that it ought to be the common Reſentment of all the Citizens: For when once their Magiſtrates are Scandaliz'd for what they do in their Courts of Juſtice, the Rights of their City is Precarious by the Pen of every Libeller: But that Worthy Magiſtrate who makes ſo great a Figure in their Courts of Juſtice, cannot ſuffer in his Reputation by the Reproaches of Men of their Character, whoſe good Word is the higheſt *Scandal* and *Infamy*.

Country-m. I heard one very pretty Paſſage at the Seſſions. The Rector of *Hockley i'th' Hole* met with a ſevere Reprimand in a Place, where he could not call Her Majeſties Bears to his Aſſiſtance, and was ſo Dumb-Founded thereat, that 'tis thought he will not be able to Preach a Funeral Sermon on the Death of the Sergeant Condemn'd this Seſſions for the Murther of Mr. *Cooper* the Conſtable: I think *Harry Clitus* was full as *Impudent* as the *Chaplain* to the *Bear-Garden*, in ſaying, a while ago, that a Man was taken up for the Murder of the Conſtable after *Cook* had been Hang'd for't; and then ſeverely Reflected on the Jury, and the Juſtice of the *Court*. Bleſſed be God that we have Judges who will maintain the Authority, and Reputation of our Courts of Juſtice, without which our Laws will be but Dead Letters. ——I have ſomething more to Communicate but it grows late, and muſt defer it to another Opportunity.

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